Enter Katerina.

Good morrow *Kate*, for thats your name I heare.

Kate. Well haue you heard, but ſome thing hard of hearing:
They call me *Katerine*, that do talke of me.

Pet. You lye in faith, for you are call'd plaine *Kate*,
And bony *Kate*, and ſomtimes *Kate* the curſt:
But *Kate*, the prettieſt *Kate* in Chriſtendome,
Kate of *Kate*-hall, my ſuper-daintie *Kate*,
For dainties are all *Kates*, and therefore *Kate*
Take this of me, *Kate* of my conſolation,
Hearing thy mildneſſe prais'd in euery Towne,
Thy vertues ſpoke of, and thy beautie ſounded,
Yet not ſo deepely as to thee belongs,
My ſelfe am mou'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kate. Mou'd in good time, let him that mou'd you hither
Remoue you hence: I Knew you at the firſt
You were a moueable.

Pet. Why, what's a moueable?

Kat. A ioyn'd ſtoole.

Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come ſit on me.

Kate. Aſſes are made to beare, and ſo are you,

Pet. Women are made to beare, and ſo are you.

Kate. No ſuch Iade as you, if me you meane

Pet. Alas good *Kate*, I will not burden thee,
For knowing thee to be but yong and light.

Kate. Too light for ſuch a ſwaine as you to catch,
And yet as heauie as my waight ſhould be.

Pet. Should be, ſhould: buzze.

Kate. Well tane, and like a buzzard.

Pet. Oh ſlow-wing'd Turtle ſhall a buzzard take thee?

Kate. I for a Turtle as he takes a buzzard.

Pet. Come, come you waſpe, y'faith you are too angrie.

Kate. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.

Pet. My remedy is then to plucke it out.

Kate. I, if the foole could finde it where it lies.

Pet. Who knowes not where a Waſpe does weare his ſting?
In his taile.

Kate. In his tongue?

Pet. Whoſe tongue?

Kate.

Kate. Yours if you talke o

Pet. What with my tongu

Nay, come againe, good *Kate*

Kate. That Ile trie.

Pet. I ſweare Ile cuffe you, if y

Kate. So may you looſe yo

If you ſtrike me, you are no G

And if no Gentleman, why th

Pet. A Herald *Kate*? Oh p

Kate. What is your Creſt,

Pet. A combeleſſe Cocke,

Kate. No Cocke of mine y

Pet. Nay come *Kate* come

Kate. It is my faſhion whe

Pet. Why heere's no crab, a

Kate. There is, there is.

Pet. Then ſhew it mee.

Kate. Had I a glaſſe, I wo

Pet. What, you meane my

Knte. Well aym'd of ſuch a

Pet. Now by S. George I am

Kate. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kate. I care not.

Pet. Nay heare you *Kate*. I

Kate. I chafe you if I tarrie.

Pet. No, not a whit, I find y

'Twas told me you were rough,

And now I finde report a very l

For thou art pleaſant, gameſom

But ſlow inſpeech: yet ſweete

Thou can'ſt not frowne, thou c

Nor bite the lip, as angrie wen

Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be cr

But thou with mildneſſe entert

With gentle conference, ſoft a

Why does the world report tha

Oh ſland'rous world: *Kate* lik

Is ſtraight, and ſlender, and as b

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Taming of the Shrew* (STC 22327) LONDON, 1631 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12